POETRY.

Each Light has its Shade.

With every joy we haste to meet In hopelessness of pride, There comes, with step as sure as fleet, A shadow by its side: And ever thus, that spectre chill With each fair bliss has sped, And when the gladden'd pulse should thrill, The stricken heart lies dead

The poet's brow the wreath entwines-What weight falls on the brenst? Upon that sword where glory shines The stains of life-blood rest. So where the rosiest sun-beam glows There lies eternal snow! And fame its brightest halo throws Where death fies cold below!

From the Mississippian.

An Oregon War-Song.

Once more the martial drum And the spirit-stirring fife, Call many a band in our glorious land To the warrior's gallant strife. The lion from his lair Hath roared defiance proud, Columbia's eagle through the air Screams out his war notes loud; Up, up, ye sons of the free! Sound, sound the trump of Mars, O'er our fatherland, o'er the billowy sea, Fling out your flag of stars!

Can the good old noble blood Of our valiant war-worn sires, Be e'er forgot, or honored not At their own house-hold fires? All England's boasted might Raged o'er our land in vain, They would not yield a single right A world itself to gain. No, they bared their stalwart arms, And nerved their faithful hearts, Like menthey met the war's alarms, Fike heroes played their parts.

On many a stricken field, From early sun to sun, Rang the victor shout, all joyous out, Of Freedom! Washington! Shall we the heirs of men Who watch'd our nations's birth, Vail a single ray of its honor then To the proudest power on earth? No, strike for our father-land, Strike, strike for victory, Long shallour flag unsufeid stand, The ensign of the free.

Once more the martial diam, And the spirit-stirring tife, Call many a band in our glorious land To the warrior's gallant strife. The Lion from his lair Hath roared defiance proud, Columbia's engle through the nir Screams out his war notes loud. Up, up, ye sons of the free! Sound, sound the trump of Mass, O'er our father land, o'er the billowy sea, Fling out your flag of stars!

MISCELLANY.

MY UNCLE, THE PARSON.

By John Waters, is a title of a capital thing m the January number of the Knickerbroker. We copy the concluding portion. At the dinner table our purson takes a bottle

of cayane pepper from his pocket to season his meal withal.

The two farmers were attentive to all movements. The addition of the sauce, when there was a full supply of gravy in the dish, seemed to them a mere superfluity; but the exploring genus of Ajax Telamon was irresistably excited by the pepper, a condiment that was altogether new to him; and perceiving that the effect was grateful and appetizing, "Pray, sir," said he, "would you have the kindness to let me taste a

linle of your red sale? "With pleasure," replied the parson; "but I must apprise you that it is pepper and not salt; pepper of the strongest force, that I received it from a friend in the tropics, and said he, handing it to him, a very lew grains go a great

A halfder sive glance at the size of my uncle, and then at his own portly figure, seemed that he thought the caution very little worthy of notice by a man of his cubicular inches. He rapped the bottle on the side as he had seen the parson locsen the grains of his fiery stimulant, applied it in the same way, but wishout the same caution, to his gravy, and used it freely

with his ment. The pepper was not long in making his acquaintance, but he resisted manfully the first intimations of his internal assailant; hearmed stoutly and repeatedly as if he were determined to maintain his ground, his face then became scarlet; on unnatural warmth took possession of his frame; the tensils of his throat began to swell; his eyes glistened; he dished away a tent from his obstructed sight, spread abroad his arms like Sampson groping for the remaining prints of the temple of Gaza; and rose in an agony of distress and pain unimaginable to him in his dreams before. His first note was that

of a great brindled bull in his own cattle-yard at home. The word roar does no justice what-

ever to the sound.

Fortunately he did not cough. My uncle, much concerned at the incident, recommended him to allay the pungency with a glass of water. He caught at the word. He endeavored to say, "Will that put it out?" and making for a huge stone jug that had been replenished he raised it boldly to his lips, and took a draught, that had its contents been less gentle, might for its lenth, and breadth and height, have won from Bacchus the whole conquest of the Indies.

"Jedekin," said he, as soon as he could articulate, "far the land's sake, does my mouth

"No," said the other, with imperturbable coolness, that it smokes consumedly, Hiram, I tell

Another jar of water seemed to reasure him of his safety against internal combustion; and his powers of speech in some measure returning, and also his entire self possession, he strode in front of my uncle and accested him; "Do you know mister that I took for a parson?" 'I am, indeed," said my uncle "an humble

member of the cloth.". "Oh you be, be you? And do you think it is any how consisient with your calling to travel about the country in this here way, carrying

THE CONFESSION.

A cloud was seen to pass suddenly over the fair features of Maria. The lustre forsook her dark eyes. Her spirit seemed troubled.

"Triumphs the lily now on that young cheek.

Where bloomed the rose,"

hell fire in your breeches?"

Ten times that evening did Edward importancher to acquaint him of the cause from her fair lips. Sad and silently she sat. "And now and then a sigh she stole,

And tears began to flow." "Breathes there a wretch so base as to injure you, by word or action. Tell me, and by thine heart, as pure as heaven! I swear never to rest till I've redressed thy wrongs! Is any awful mystery locked up in that bosom that I must not know? Tell me the secret-and by the ringlets of thy hair! I'll swear never to reveal it, though the blackest torments rack me! Pour out thy soul, tell thine own. Edward what lies heavy in thy breast."

She blushed - she placed her fair hands across her bosom-looked languidly in her lover's face, "like the last low breathing of an expiring saint"-she thus confessed: "Tis them 'ere darned Green Apples --

CLERICAL WIT.

Watty Morrison, a Scotch clergyman, was a man of great laughter and numor On one occasion, a young officer scoffed at the idea of it requiring so much study to preach, and offered to bet that he would preach half an hour on any passage in the Old Testament, without the least preparation. Mr. Morreson took the bet, and gave him for a text, " And the ass opened his mouth and he spoke." The boasting officer was loth to employ his elequence on such a text; and the humorous Morrison wen the wager and silenced the officer.

On another occasion, Mr. Morrison entreated an officer of Fort George to pardon a poor fellow who was sent to the halberds. The officer offered to grant his request if he would, in return, grant hun the first favor he might ask. Mr. Morrison agreed to this, and the officer immediately demanded that the ceremony of haptism should be immediately performed upon a young puppy. The clergyntan agreed to it; and a party of genthemen assembled to witness the novel

Mr. Morrison desired the officer to hold up the dag, as customary in the baptism of children, and said, "As I am a minister of the church of Scotland, I must procood in accordance to the ceremonies of

the Church." " Certainly," said the Major, "I expect

all the ceremony."
"Well, then, Major, I begin with the usual question-you ackhowledge yourself the father of this puppy?" A roar of laughter burst from the crowd, and the chagrined officer threw the candidate for baptism away. Thus the witty minister turned the laugh against the infidel, who intended to deride the sacred ordinance.

GREEN FROG BAROMETERS. -These frogs are used on the continent as barometers. The first I ever saw was in a shop at Munich. On inquiring of the owner, he informed me he had had it for several years. It was kept in a tall confectioner's glass about a foot high, with a piece of coarse ganze or muslin tied over the top, at the bottom was some wet moss, sufficiently deep for the little creature to hide itself in -this was changed every week or fortnight. -- It was very fond of flies, but these, the man said, he gave it occasionly, more as a bonne bouche than as a matter of food. A little wooden ladder reached from the bottom to within an inch of the top of the glass. As the weather changed so did froggy ascend or descend, and if it was to set fair, he would sometimes sit for days on the top step; whilst, if had weather came, he would also for days Inde himself in the wet moss. I afterwards mentioned the circumstances to the late Mr. Douce-he

expressed a strong desire for one, which, with some difficulty, I procured on my next visit to the continent.-This lived with me for many week. I had a basket made, into which the glass dropped, and which I suspended in the carriage. I am quite sure at last the little creature knew me-Its eyes would sparkle when I came up to it; and if I gave it a fly, it would suffer the insect to buzz about for perhaps a minute, and then make a sudden dart, and swallow it at a mouthful. Unfortunately, Mr. Douce placed it in a glass nearly filled with water, and it died soon after he had it. I have never since been able to procure another. They are extremely interesting, and, in an elegant shaped glass, would form a most beautiful and useful ornament in any drawing room as a barometer .-Gardener's Chronicle.

LORD MORPETH ON DEMOCRACY .--Lord Morpeth, speaking in the House of Commons, referred to his visit to the United States, and he did not hesitate to confess that the things he witnessed in this country had contributed much to that change of opinion which he had lately undergone in reference to the corn laws. He is now in favor of abolishing those laws-not from any diminished at tachment to the aristocratic or mixed monarchical principles which are the elements of the British Constitution, but because of the conviction that the democratic principle, strengthened by the example and progress and palpable influence of this Republic, renders it unsafe to cling with too much tenacity to exclusive privileges. Lord Morpeth said:

But I feel that we cannot confront the example of general ease and comfort which prevail among the American people. [Hear, hear] We all know the story of the Irist laborer, who refused to write home that he had meat three times a day, because nobody would believe him. We cannot confront the growing aspiration of our own people -we cannot confront the onward tendencies of the age in which we live, if we do not consent to administer and to work out our aristocratic notious in a more democrattic spirit: [Cheers.] Notwithstanding that implied dissent, I contend that no aristocratic institutions which rest on exclusive privileges will be able to stem the current of the age. [Cheers.] I contend that there is no aristocratical body which rests on especial interests will escape their certain downfall-[Cheers]-and that no aristocracy, no matter how long descended, can exist with the corn law when the pressure will come, and that corn law will be prohibitory. I think that that will be too hard a strain for any title deed, no matter how

ancient, to resist. THE ASHBURTON TREATY.-Mr Webster, in his recent speech, describing the advantages of this treaty, says that the people of Maine and Massachusetts were satisfied with it, that it gave to the Union Rouse's Point, the key to Lake Champlain, to Maine about \$150,000 in cash, and the free navigation of the St. John's, to New Hampshire about 100,000 acres of good land and to Vermont about 40,000 acres. We admit all this, and still say that the treaty was impolitic, and should never have been concluded. We have never censured Mr. Webster for his share in this treaty, or admitted or believed he committed any

other than an error of judgment. Neither have we admitted that he was solely responsible for its grand mistake; for President Tyler and Mr. Webster's associates in the Cabinet accompanied him in every step of the negotiation, and the President could have opposed any of its provisions or uged or assented to any others. But with all these admissions for Mr. Webster as a public officer, we say that the administration of which he was a member, committed a grand mistake in concluding that treaty.

They never should have settled the Northeast boundary. If the British refused to settle both, and to relinquish all claim to Oregon, we should have left both open. And if the British then threatened to fight, we should have prepared to meet them. We could fight them quite as well without giving them a road through Maine, as we could by surrendering to them that advantag ; and we could have obtained the whole of Oregon quite as easily, withour a surrender that enhanced its value to the British. We regard all that was obtained by this treaty, as no equivalent for the advantage surrendered in a military road from Halifax to Montreal. Even a war would not have been too dear for the prevention of this, when we consider that a war would have ended in our conquest of all the northern British colonies. The lands acquired by New Hampshire and Vermont were theirs already upon a just line according to the treaty of 1783; and if the British talked of war, we should have fortified and held Rouse's Point pending the negatiation. The navigation of the St. John's is no equivalent for the military road surrendered. That treaty was a great mistake; and to President 'Tyler's administration, and the Senate, and not to Mr. Webster alone, belongs the censure due for its acceptance. -Phila. Public Ledger.

'There's a dvinity that shapes our ends,' as the boy of served to the school marter.

THE PROFESSIONS.

One great and growing evil in this country is the rapidity with which the several profes sions of divinity, of medicine and of law-especially of the two latter-are filling up. It needs but to cast the eye along the streets, we say not only of our large cities, but of any city, but of any city, town or village which first presents itself, to be convinced of the truth of this remark. These two hapless professions are not only filled, but-like a good measure, -are "pressed down, heaped up, and running over." Every mother who rejoices in "the finest boy you ever did see,"—that is to say, every one blessed with a son, possessed of discernment to know that fire will burn and rain will wet-seems to think that her duty to her country will be but poorly discharged, unless she can induce him to devote his genius to the task of enlightening the world on the mysteries of calomel and jalap, or of illustrating the course of justice by taking a fee on one side of a cause, for no better reason than he was not employed previously on the other. In other words, parents seemed to have been possessed of a mania to have their sons become gentle wen, as if that title was dependant on the mode in which we carn our bread!

We are all wrong on this subject. No business or calling-viewed simply as such-is superior to another, and no one, therefore, is to be desired before another, simply for its own Were this simple truth generally received, we should begin to see the direction of our youth: enquire into their fitness for certain pursuits, before they were required to en-

gage in them for life. How many of those who now write themselves lawyers and dectors are really fitted for the situations they attempt to fill? Let the enormous mass of those who linger in the rear of each profession, winning to themselves the reputation of quack in the one and pettifogger in the other, while they find poverty in both, answer this question. Unblushing impudence may sometimes make up for the lack of brains, and succeed in placing an individual in a station far above his merit or capacities. Yet even in such eases Nature avenges the error; and from the station to which there is no just claim, makes but more ludicrious the appearance of him who, to gain it, has wriggled him-

self out of his appropriate sphere.

On the choice of a profession may depend much of a man's character, and very much of his peace and comfort through life. When, then, will parents and guardians learn to be governed by reason and common sense, in this matter? When will they learn to understand that it is the man that honors the profession, not the profession that honors the man?

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer tells the following amusing anecdote of Col. Parkitt-the last survivor of the "Boston tea-party."

I have just seen a notice in one of your recent papers of the death of Col. Henry Purkitt, of Boston, a soldier of the Revolution. The name recalls to my mind an anecdote I have often heard in childhood from my father, who had it from Purkitt's own lips. As it is illustrative of the character of a distinguished foreigner who aided us in that struggle, you may perhaps consider it worthy of an insertion in your paper: Purkitt, a young and gallant soldier, served in the capacity of sergeant under Pulaski. On one occasion, an individual being required for a piece of important and rather dangerous service, Purkitt was selected and ordered into the presence of Pulaski, to receive his personal directions. The object was to obtain certain intelligence in relation to a position covered by the enemy's outposts; and Palaski, wishing to impress on Purkittthe absolute necessity of getting it at even a hard brush, and being distinguished for more emphasis than classic correctnes in his English, gave his orders in these words: "Sairgent Purkitt, you tak twelve men, juste when ze moon is rise; you pass ze ford below vairy gentle -vairy gentle indeed; you creep vairy soft troode bush on de odaire side, and climb to ze top of zee little hill. Mind, Sairgent Parkitt you muss go to ze top of ze hill, and find out ze position exack of zaire artillerie. And, Sairgent Purkitt, if ze ennemi picquet avancez you avancez too; if zey chargez, you chargez too; if zey God dam, you God-dam too."

FORTY-ONE YEARS SINCE-VICE PRESIDENT BURRS VALEDICTO. RY-OPINION OF THE SENATE. Aaron Burr, after having presided over the deliberations of the Senate for four years, took his leave of this body in a Valedictory Address on the 2d March, 1805. Its course recently has given some importance to the following scattment with which he concludes his address:

"This house is a sanctuary -a citadel of law, of order, and of liberty, and it is here-it is here in this exulted refuge-here, if any where, resistance will be made to the storms of political phrenzy, and the direct arts of curreption. And if the Constitution be destined ever to perish by the sacrilegious hands of the demagogue or the usurper, (which God avert) its expiring agonies will be witnessed on this floor.

This was Burr's opinion forty-one years ago; but we have great doubts whether his opinion was any sounder than his principlez. We doubt very much whether two men from each State, in socret or open acasion, will ever be entrusted with the sole custody of the constitution, or the liberties of the country.

Orn RESOURCES .- In his late speech on the Oregon question, Sen. Ashley showed by a tabie that we could farmish 140,000 troops every year, without diminishing our force. The ratio of the increase of population showed this to

MR BENTON VS McDUFFIE .-- Mr. Mc-Duffie in his late speech described Oregon as altogether valueless and inhospitable. Mr. Benton a few years since spoke of it

"He said, in extent it is larger than the Atlantic portion of the old thirteen United States; in climate, softer; in fertility, greater; in salubrity, superior; in position, bet-ter because fronting Asia, and washed by a tranquil sea. In all these particulars, the western slope of our continent is far more happy than the eastern. In configuration, it is inexpressibly fine and grand-a vast oblong square, with natural boundaries, and a single gateway into the sea. The snowcapped Rocky mountains enclose it to the east, and an iron bound coast on the west, a frozen desert on the north, and sandy plains on the south. All its rivers, rising on the segment of a vast circumference, run to meet each other in the centre, and then flow together into the ocean through a gap into the mountain, where the heat of summer and the colds of winter are never felt, and where southern and northern diseases are equally unknown. This is the valley of the Columbia --- a country whose every advantage is crowned by the advantages of position and configuration; by the unity of its parts ... the inaccessibility of its borders, and its single introgression into the sea. Such a country is formed for union, wealth, and strength. It can have but one capital, and that will be a Thebes; but one commercial emporium, and that will be a Tyre, queen of cities." Senator Benton then continued, "Such a country can have but one people, one interest, one government, and that people should be American, that interest OURS, and that government REPUBLICAN. ACCURSED AND INFAMOUS BE THE MAN THAT DIVIDES OR ALIENATES IT.

EXCELLENT.- A well known ruke sitting in Drury Lane Theatre, beside a very pretty girl, was very rude to her. The girl, however, appeared as if she did not or would not hear to him; but as he became more bold and impudent, she at last turned round and said to him, with an enraged and angry countenance,

"Be pleased to let me alone." To which the surprised and confounded freeboter could only answer-

"Nay, do not eat me." "Be not afraid," replied the girl, with a gentle smile, "I am a Jewess—we do not eat unclean things."

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL .-- I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example, and a memory that will soon

I leave to my parents, during the rest of their lives, as much sorrow as humanity, in a feeble and desperate state, can sustain. I leave to my brother and sister as much mortification and injury as I could well

bring on them I leave my wife a broken heart, a life of wretchedness, a shame to weep over, and a

premature death. I give and bequeathe to each of our children poverty, ignorance, a low character, and remembrance that their father was a

Fred, said a wag to a conceited fop, I know a beautiful creature who wishes to make your acquaintance.

Glad to hear it -fine girl -- good taste -struck with my appearance, I suppose, eh? Yes--very much so indeed-she thinks you would make a capital playmate for her poodle dog!

"Jane, what letter in the alphabet do you like best?"

"Well, I don't like to say, Mr. Snooks." "Pooh, nonsense! tell right out, Jane-

which do you like best?" "Well, (dropping her eyes,) I like U the

"God bless your honor! you saved my life," said a beggar to a captain under whom he had formerly served. "Saved your life" replied the officer, "Do

you think I am a doctor?" "No," answered the man, "but I served under you at the battle of Corruna, and when you ran away, I followed, or else I should have been killed."

NEW FEMALE SECT.

A new female sect has just appeared in a part of Ohio, called "The Female Kings," who hold that the order of nature has been reversed-that the time has now arrived when "the last shall he first," consequently that woman is the lord of creation, and man her servant. They have succooled in making a number of converts, among them, probably indies who are disposed to wear the brevelies .- Sal. Post.

PRESENTINENT OF DEATH.-Lieutenant John C. Henry, who died in Philadelphia last week, had, three weeks prior to his death, a presentiment that he would be called hence on his birth day, and at that time made it known to his mother, who tried in vain to drive the idea from his mind. On Wednesday morning last she said to him, "Well, John this is your birth day, and you are still in the land of the living! "Yes," he replied, "but before it is over I shall be numbered with the dead." This remark proved to be prophetical, for during the evening of the same day be calmly breathed his last, while scated on a chair before the fire in his